THE
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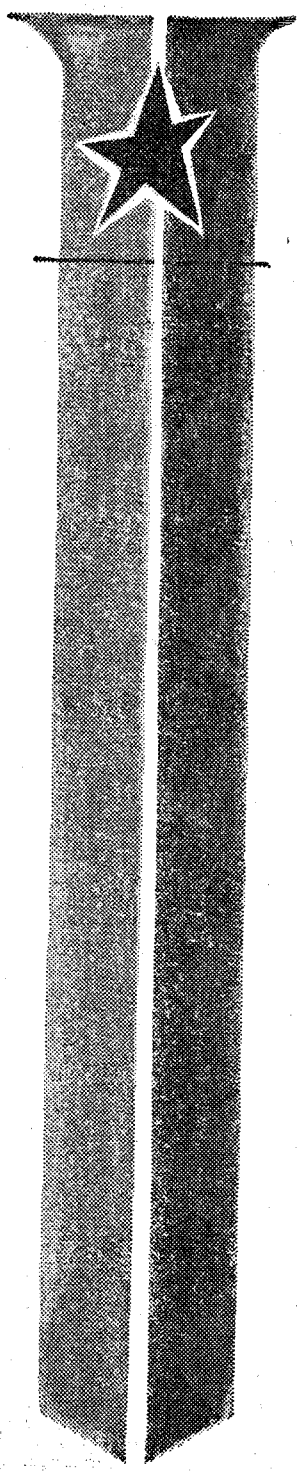

PEACE HOPES AT STOWE

An East-West Step Toward Accord

Louis B. Sohn

CHINA LOBBY'S NEW GAMBIT

Urban Whitaker

THE ART THEFTS

Reveries of an Expert

Richard Condon

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LETTERS

The Student Congress

Dear Sirs: It was most gratifying to discover, in your Sept. 16 issue, one of the few decent articles on the fourteenth National Student Association Congress which have appeared. I would like to thank Steven Roberts and Carey McWilliams, Jr., for their effort, and particularly for the plug which they gave to the new and rising group of liberal campus political parties. One correction, however, its POLIT, not PILOT!

C. CLARK KISSINGER
Chairman, POLIT
Chicago, Ill. University of Chicago

The authors bear no guilt for the transposition of letters in POLIT; it was a printer's error which the editors failed to catch.

Dear Sirs: As an officer of the National Student Association during the "silent fifties," I must take issue with the Roberts-McWilliams version of the history of NSA presented in "Student Leaders and Campus Apathy." Their portrayal of the earlier leadership of the organization as timid bureaucrats primarily concerned with "college parking, home-coming dances, women's hours etc." is unfair. . . . A look at the minutes of past Congresses would have revealed that resolutions condemning the House Un-American Activities Committee have been adopted regularly since the late forties. Even at the height of the McCarthy period, cases of infringement of academic freedom were publicized in NSA publications and condemned at national and regional meetings. . . .

The same pattern holds good for international affairs. To mention two issues cited in the article, NSA has been taking stands on Algeria and Cuba since 1956, in the latter case publicizing Batista's repression much before the American press gave any indication that all was not well in the island. . . .

PAUL E. SIGMUND, JR.
Cambridge, Mass.

Truth About Mencken

Dear Sirs: As one associated for many years with the late H. L. Mencken, may I express my admiration of the article by Guy Jean Forgue published in your issue of September 16? Many have sought to set down in words their conception of the personality of this extraordinary man. None of these previous efforts, friendly or hostile, has come as close to the whole truth as that of M. Forgue. This is the more remarkable because the latter, only reaching maturity at about the time of Mencken's death, never met him, never corresponded with him and grew up in an environment which all but ignored him. Despite these handicaps, this young scholar has painted a discerning picture of an understandable human being. I envy him his insight and his mastery of the means to express his findings and hope that he will find it possible to undertake the sorely needed definitive biography of his subject.

HAMILTON OWENS
Baltimore, Md.

All About SSRS

Dear Sirs: *Nation* readers who would be interested in knowing more about the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, referred to in my article in the September 30 issue, can obtain free copies of a newsletter published by the Society by writing to Franklin Miller, Jr., Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

Palo Alto, Calif. THEODORE ROSZAK

For Quicker Mail

Dear Sirs: The Post Office Department has instituted NIMS—a sound and businesslike Nationwide Improved Mail Service Program—through which mailers and the Post Office, working together, will attain better postal service for all patrons.

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Your cooperation with the Post Office Department will result in more expeditious handling and delivery of the mails.

ROBERT K. CHRISTENBURY
New York City Postmaster

The Soviet Proposal

Dear Sirs: Theodore Roszak's essay on unilateralism in the Sept. 9 *Nation* was one of the most eloquent I have seen, but I would like to urge the unilateralists to shelve the idea, at least for the time being, and seek instead to persuade the American government to grasp the extraordinary opportunity for multilateral disarmament which is now available, and which would render the admittedly formidable unilateralist task unnecessary.

Two events have occurred that seem to me to outdate unilateralism — if only, perhaps, temporarily. One was Khrushchev's call for "general and com-

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VOLUME 193, No. 11

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Disarmament – Principles and Men

Amid the noisy barrage of threats and recriminations, the United States and the Soviet Union have reached an agreement, in principle, on disarmament negotiations. Precarious and qualified the agreement may be, but it is important for two reasons: first, it took the two superpowers a year and a half to settle on this "joint statement of agreed principles for disarmament negotiations," and any agreement between such formidable antagonists, with such an investment of high-level diplomatic talent, is something of a landmark. Second, the very fact that tensions are so high makes the step noteworthy. The leaders of the superpowers are, on the one hand, compelled to talk tough and show their manhood before the nations; they are also compelled to demonstrate their love for peace.

The background of the talks between John J. McCloy and Valerian A. Zorin is that the United States has been amenable, from the beginning, to "arms control," while for the last several years the Soviet Union has insisted on "general and complete disarmament." The gap has been partly bridged in the United States program presented to the General Assembly on September 25, and President Kennedy's address to the Assembly on the same day. The difference is by no means a matter of diplomatic hairsplitting. The goal of arms control is to stabilize a military situation at a certain level of armament. The balance has always proved unstable; since reliance on armaments remains the basis of national security, neither side can be assured that its allotment is adequate. Disarmament, in contrast, envisions the ultimate goal of national security without arms, and both sides are compelled to show their good faith by successive steps in reduction of military capability.

In terms of actual disposal of weapons, the United States has insisted on over-all inspection: not only were categories of weapons to be reduced, but the remaining stocks were to be inspected and kept under surveillance. This, the Soviet Union argued, was nothing but a subterfuge for espionage. The American insistence that general and complete disarmament was merely a propaganda slogan only widened the gap. Now, however, the United States has accepted the formula and Mr. Khrushchev is able to stand forth as the great pioneer of world disarmament. His emissaries have had to agree, however, that disarmament could only come step by step, each under strict control, and they have been put on the spot by the valid American suggestion to begin with nuclear testing.

The President's speech, insofar as it dealt with disarmament, was statesmanlike. He stated the alternatives bleakly — a holocaust or peace — and did not resort to gimmicks. He made no mention of civil defense, the now popular nostrum for nuclear fears. But his appointment of William C. Foster as the first director of our newly created disarmament agency is a bad augury for further progress. In the July-September, 1958, issue of the *General Electric Defense Quarterly*, Mr. Foster proposed that we should increase our military expenditures from 10 to 20 per cent of gross national product, thereby forcing the Russians to match us and "take away from their people one-third of the already sparse good things of life they have." Since at that time Soviet GNP was only 40 per cent of ours, Mr. Foster's arithmetic was correct, but, unless he has undergone a conversion as radical as St. Paul's, his qualifications as a disarmament manager could hardly be more dubious.

Statesmen in Strait Jackets

General Lucius Clay, at first identified only as an anonymous source, was quoted as saying that the West Germans would have to face the fact of East Germany's existence; further, that increasing contact and negotiation between the two German states might eventually lead to reunification. Immediately a storm broke. The West Germans were not only enraged (though in an oddly unconvincing way), but it was announced that their morale had plummeted deeper than Mohole and that the Western Alliance was in mortal danger. At this point, the noted emissary gave artificial respiration to the dying Germans. While not denying that he had said what a score of reporters had quoted, he *appeared* to deny it by asserting that American policy vis-à-vis Germany had in no wise changed.

Of course the sole reason for the whole absurd incident was that Clay said out loud, at a cocktail party,

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what everyone, including the West Germans, knows to be true. But the fiction must be maintained that East Germany can never, never be recognized, that free elections will somehow be held in both Germanys with an assured triumph for the West and a gentlemanly withdrawal of the Red Army. In both Germanys, in their different ways, the rulers have carried aversion to the truth to new heights of absurdity.

This sort of *opéra bouffe* might be tolerated if only the feelings of the West Germans were involved. But the results are far graver: it makes the leaders on both sides, as Walter Lippmann has said, nuclear deaf-mutes. They can talk but they cannot hear each other. What is needed on the Western side at this juncture is the courage to be frank. There are, to be sure, limits to the practical candor of statesmen: they cannot give their fallback positions away in advance. But there are also practical limits to the make-believe which now covers the whole German situation like a deadly miasma. For this Mr. Kennedy must bear a part of the responsibility. Perhaps he put General Clay up to tossing a trial balloon into the air: it is scarcely likely that a man so experienced would be guilty of loose talk at a cocktail party. But, then, there was no occasion for denial, not even the *pro forma* one that General Clay issued. It is beginning to be evident, not only in the German situation but on the basis of the whole record of his Administration, that Mr. Kennedy's political courage does not always match the physical courage he showed in the Pacific.

Chalmers M. Roberts suggests that Mr. Kennedy "is trapped by what he takes to be public opinion at home, including the pressure from the Republicans. . . ." Mr. Roberts makes the statement in reference to the policy on Red China, but it is equally applicable to Berlin. If Mr. Kennedy feels that a compromise can be reached in Berlin on the basis of *de facto* recognition of East Germany's stake, while safeguarding Western rights of access, it is high time that he began to prepare the public mind for what it must eventually learn in any case. It may not be as much of a shock as he seems to anticipate. It may not even be much of a shock to the West Germans, many of whom have not the least desire to be taxed to make a show-place of reunification out of poor, Protestant, half-socialized East Germany. Mr. Kennedy is disposing of the lives and fortunes of 180 million Americans. He owes them as candid an exposition as his position will permit. And he owes it to himself, as a practical politician, to free himself from the strait jacket of pretense which leaves him no room for maneuver.

The Invasion of Russia

Some years before it went to its last rest, *Collier's* devoted a flaming special issue to a future invasion of the Soviet Union. Numerous American military experts, perhaps a little wishfully, described how the Russians would be immolated en masse and the Soviet state converted to democracy. The invasion is now taking place — too late, unfortunately, to save *Collier's*. From the West, under command of seventy-seven-year-old Field Marshal A. J. Muste, a band of militant pacifists has set foot on Russian soil and so cowed the Soviet hierarchy that permission has been given them to agitate for nuclear disarmament in Red Square, on or about October 4. From the East, Grand Admiral Dr. Earle L. Reynolds has set sail for Vladivostock aboard his flagship, the *Phoenix*, in reprisal for the Soviet resumption of nuclear testing. His force, consisting of his wife, son and seventeen-year-old daughter, plus a twenty-two-year-old San Franciscan, is not a very large one, but with a crew of about the same size the Admiral defied the United States Navy at Bikini in 1957. He is evidently of the opinion that Russians are no taller than Americans.

Several things are proved by these exercises. Clearly it is a mistake to dismiss pacifists as tacticians. Their invasions are attended by more publicity than the Pentagon can secure with all its press agents. It is also good to note that conventional warfare is not dead. Admiral Reynolds' flagship (and entire navy) is a ketch, while Field Marshal Muste's forces have walked all the way from San Francisco, except in crossing the Atlantic and the English Channel. For its part, however, *The Nation* has more confidence in these converging forces than if they flew at Mach 3 speed and carried all the nuclear bombs in the world.

Peter Paul, Plowe and Pew

The Eumenides do not much trouble modern man; the avenging fury that pursues him is the Internal Revenue Service.

Back in 1952, Mr. Marlen F. Pew of Marlen Pew Associates received $60,000 from Peter Paul, Inc., of Naugatuck, Conn., for his services in advertising and promoting that firm's candies. But Mr. Pew reported only about half the sum on his tax form, and in course of time he was invited to appear in court and explain why he shouldn't go to jail.

Unlike most apparent tax evaders, Mr. Pew offered a persuasive explanation: the amount he reported was what he actually made; the rest, he said, was kicked back to one Elliott W. Plowe (the names in this case would make a Victorian novelist squirm with glee), then advertising manager of Peter Paul. Mr. Pew explained that this was a legitimate expense since he could not possibly have landed the business unless he had agreed to pad his invoices and hand the excess to Mr. Plowe. The tax court accepted the explanation, and closed its case against Mr. Pew.

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Mr. Pew escaped the furies, but how about Mr. Plowe? After serving his time in the candy factory, Mr. Plowe went on to Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn and thence to the Grant agency of Chicago, which firm subsequently elected him president. A measure of Mr. Plowe's success is that he has handled advertising for such puissant goodies as Heinz pickles, Hit Parade cigarettes and Ocean Spray cranberries. But it would seem to an outside observer that, in letting Mr. Pew escape their talons, the tax sleuths slashed through Mr. Plowe's gray flannel suit, and thereby blurred the bright image Madison Avenue is attempting to project these days.

Let Our Children Go!

This is the plea of James R. Newman, an editor of *Scientific American* and one of our really seminal thinkers, in a letter to the editor of *The Washington Post*. The letter should be read by every policy-making official from the President down, by every member of Congress, and by every American who values the lives of children, whether his own or other people's. *The Nation* presents Mr. Newman's argument in brief. Since we cannot hope to equal his expository technique, much less improve on it, we shall quote as much as we paraphrase.

If a general nuclear war ensues, the fallout intensity may be less in the Southern Hemisphere than in the Northern, and the devastation by blast and fire will be confined to the belligerent countries. Mr. Newman proposes, therefore, that we transport our children to the Southern Hemisphere now, before the holocaust. They are innocent in the matter: "Our quarrels, our bitterness, our hatreds, our fears do not possess them. Our heroes and our devils are not theirs. They have barely begun their lives, they are not ready to end them for Causes." That is to say, justice for the young and helpless.

Second, send them away in our interest as well as theirs. "With the children gone, without the distractions and temptations of their cries and complaints, we could give ourselves over completely to the serious business in hand." There would be fewer mouths to feed, less need for water and bandages and whole blood, and we would be left with a disposal surplus with which to prosecute the war *à outrance*. Mr. Newman figures that it would cost only $25 billion to send the children away and support them in exile — less than the cost of the shelter program which, in the first place, won't work, and will leave for those who are saved from fallout only a brief span of anarchy, murder and cannibalism. The prospect, he says, is enough to make cowards of us all. Send away the children, and let the adults stop deluding themselves about shelters.

Lastly, Mr. Newman confesses to a weakness for children. "In format and freshness they are much preferable," he finds, "to the larger editions, their parents. Children are unwrinkled, unwarped. They are healthy. They smell nice. They are not cynical. They suppose life to be an end in itself." And when they grow up, they can breed and perpetuate the race. If a better course can be found, says Mr. Newman, let the wise men define it. They probably won't. They are too busy preparing the war.

PEACE HOPES AT STOWE . . *by Louis B. Sohn*

Stowe, Vt.

WHILE THE WORLD prepares for war and the arms race accelerates, a few brave men still dare to talk peace. In fact, they believe that in times of increasing international tension it is even more urgent than in ordinary times to try to find a new road to peace. Only if such a road can be discovered, will it be possible for the two great antagonists to abandon the quest for an illusory military supremacy.

Deep in their hearts, most military men know that in a nuclear war a "victor" will not inherit a great empire but only heaps of radioactive dust and pitiful hordes of ragged survivors. The winning side will be recognizable only by the fact that a few of its military units will still be able to function, while the other side will no longer present a military threat. On neither side will much be left of the civilian population or of the mighty industries which are the backbone of a modern state. Consequently, practically no military strategist can think about preserving the security of his nation through a nuclear war; his main preoccupation is how to prevent one. The military believe, of course, that this can be done best by increasing military strength in order to deter the other side from starting a war. But it is usually open to each side to match any increase by the other side by an even bigger increase, and a race toward 100- or 1,000-megaton bombs is continuing, with ever faster rockets cutting down the time between the

LOUIS B. SOHN, a participant in the Stowe Conference, teaches law at Harvard University. He took part in the San Francisco Conference which established the United Nations in 1945, and served as a legal officer in the U.N. Secretariat 1950-51. He is the author of Cases on United Nations Law *and co-author, with Grenville Clark, of* World Peace Through World Law.

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fateful decision and the actual destruction of the enemy's military and economic bases. We have reached the point where, one hour after the start of a war, most of the military strength on both sides will be obliterated and more than 100,000,000 people will be killed.

Are we so magnetized by this dreadful probability that all our actions tend to increase rather than decrease its likelihood? Or can we still change the course of mankind's future by finding an alternative?

IN SEARCH of such an alternative, forty-eight scientists from eleven countries (Australia, Bulgaria, Canada, France, West Germany, Hungary, Japan, the Netherlands, the Soviet Union, the United Kingdom and the United States) gathered at Stowe, Vermont, on September 11, 1961, for a week of sincere and frank discussions. This Conference on Disarmament and World Security was the eighth in a series of conferences on science and world affairs (COSWA) which began in 1957.

The seventh conference, also held here, concentrated on fostering the constructive use of science, on finding new areas for scientific cooperation and on creating trust among nations through working together on problems of common interest. Specific joint study projects were mapped out in the earth sciences, space research, the life sciences, the physical sciences, assistance to developing nations and in exchange of scientists and scientific information. The proposed projects included: a survey of all the oceans of the world and the transformation of "the fishing industry from a hunting industry to an agricultural technology"; international institutes for the study of cancer, mental health and aging; internationally built and operated accelerators; international centers to operate giant computers; and the extension to space of the principles of the Antarctic Treaty.

The eighth conference met in the warming glow of the success of its predecessor, but it soon ran into difficulties resulting from the Soviet resumption of nuclear tests (several previous conferences took a strong position against nuclear testing, especially the genetically dangerous testing in the atmosphere). The topic could not be avoided and, when some members objected to its discussion, certain other members felt that in view of the Soviet action the purpose of the conference was lost, and that it would be useless to discuss any facets of disarmament. However, on the ground that undesirable as nuclear tests might be, the danger they create is infinitesimal compared to the danger of an all-out nuclear war, the view prevailed that the new situation required picking up the pieces and finding some new approaches to the problem. So, without accepting as valid the Soviet justifications for the resumption of nuclear tests, the conferees decided to split into several small working groups and to discuss various possible new approaches to questions of arms control and disarmament.

While the reports of the five main groups were not officially approved by the conference as a whole and were not published, they were transmitted to all the governments concerned and to the United Nations. In view of the rule of secrecy adopted in order not to jeopardize the frankness of the discussions, it is not possible to discuss here the many interesting details of these reports. It may be noted, however, that the Soviet delegates this time showed a greater willingness to discuss, and

UNILATERAL DISARMAMENT: 1139 A.D.

by Lawrence D. Hills

OUT OF THE longbow there developed, in the Middle Ages, the crossbow. It had a stock like a gun and propelled a square-headed bolt, or quarrel, by means of a single-leaf "car spring" of good steel. The French, at the battle of Crecy in 1346, could have fired it at the rate of one shot a minute; the half-ton of energy stored in the steel spring was capable of driving the quarrel—a guided missile—through a three-quarter-inch plank at sixty-five yards.

With the coming of the crossbow, war was no longer a test of strength, skill and bravery. Now the cowardly weakling had a chance to kill the bravest and strongest men horribly, and at a distance. The longbow shot required skill, strength and training; the target was protected fairly adequately by armor or leather jerkin, and he could even dodge if he were quick enough.

But perhaps the person in the best position to observe the difference between the longbow and crossbow was neither the engineer nor the armorer, but the twelfth-century priest who performed last rites on the battlefield in an age before anesthetics, antiseptics and modern surgery. The arrow of the longbow made a clean cut; so did the sword and the pike, the other conventional weapons of the day. But the quarrel smashed like a shell fragment, driving broken armor and bits of jerkin into the open wound, hideously reducing the victim's chances for survival.

So, moved by humane considerations, the Lateran Council, which advised the Pope on secular affairs, in 1139 declared the crossbow "a weapon hateful to God." The ban was observed unilaterally by Conrad III of Germany, who forbade its use in his armies for thirteen years, meanwhile trying to persuade other powers to do likewise. He failed, and by 1152 Conrad's soldiers were again using the crossbow.

TODAY THE A-BOMB is the crossbow, the H-Bomb is the arquebus and the neutron bomb is the Maxim gun of the future. Dare we apply the methods of the past and consider the evidence available? We have Hiroshima and Nagasaki to look at, if not Crecy; and we have the theoretical calculations of scientists that promise an end to the world if we go on as we have been going.

The first unilateralist was a German, 800 years before Hitler invaded Poland. And President Eisenhower's words in 1959, "The people of this world want peace so badly, governments had better get out of the way and give it to them," are true today as they were in 1139—and with infinitely more reason.

LAWRENCE D. HILLS is a British journalist who has made a hobby of the history of weaponry.

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often to accept, various suggestions which had been first brought up, without any Soviet response, by the American participants at the sixth conference held in Moscow at the end of 1960. By the end of the meeting, a measure of agreement was reached which could not have been anticipated even a few days before, and some of us had the frustrating feeling that a few more days might have brought us even closer to a solution of several difficult problems.

The participants agreed to discuss the questions before them within the framework of an agreement on general and complete disarmament. This goal had been accepted unanimously by the General Assembly of the United Nations in its 1959 resolution on disarmament, and only a few days after the meeting at Stowe was concluded, was reaffirmed in the statement of agreed principles presented to the U.N. by the United States and the Soviet Union on September 20, 1961. Thus, it is generally accepted that negotiations on disarmament should aim at an agreement which will insure, in the language of the American-Soviet statement that:

> (a) Disarmament is general and complete and war is no longer an instrument for settling international problems; and
>
> (b) Such disarmament is accompanied by the establishment of reliable procedures for the maintenance of peace in accordance with the principles of the United Nations Charter.

One of our working groups, while accepting this general framework, was preoccupied with the question of the new dangers which might arise in a totally disarmed world. It agreed that these dangers would not be as catastrophic as those with which we are faced today; it considered, however, that permanent peace is not possible without the simultaneous solution of several problems in addition to disarmament. As the members of the groups did not consider themselves sufficiently qualified to discuss the solutions which are needed, the group limited itself to a recommendation that special joint groups of experts be established to study such problems as world security forces, development of international law and of rules of peaceful coexistence, methods for settling international disputes, world courts and the strengthening of the United Nations. These groups should be established under the auspices of unofficial organizations such as the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and the Soviet Academy of Sciences; their discussions should be aimed at creating common areas of understanding and delineating those areas where successful official negotiations might be possible.

Many problems were suggested for study, among them methods for dealing with ideological conflicts caused by social revolutions encouraged and assisted from abroad; control of new technological developments which may introduce new dangers in a disarmed world; development of international criminal law applicable directly to individuals; protection of rights of various states against abuse of power by international organs; and limitation of propaganda directed against other nations and races.

Other groups concentrated on the various first steps toward complete disarmament. It is generally accepted that any disarmament program will be put into effect through a series of stages, each of which will in turn be subdivided into several phases and will contain a series of coordinated steps relating to various categories of weapons. It is important, therefore, to agree not only on the final goal, but also on at least an outline of the stages, phases and steps, and in more detail on the content of the first stage and the best methods for putting it into effect. If we had to wait for an agreement among all the nations of the world on every detail of a general disarmament treaty, the arms race would continue unabated for a long time and a nuclear war might put an end to the interminable negotiations. It seems more reasonable to proceed immediately to the implementation of those parts of the disarmament program which can be agreed upon as forming the first stage, and to negotiate about the details of each subsequent stage while the previous stage is actually put into effect.

London Evening Standard

IT WAS gratifying, therefore, to see at Stowe that once the final goal was agreed upon, both sides proceeded harmoniously to outline the problems which need to be solved with respect to both the disarmament measures and the control steps to be included in the first stage or stages. The questions discussed related to controls needed to supervise the elimination of further production of fissionable materials for military purposes and the reduction of present stockpiles of these materials and of nuclear weapons. Similarly, progress was made concerning the steps required to insure the elimination of a substantial proportion of nuclear-delivery vehicles (rockets, bombers, submarines, etc.), without which the

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remaining stockpiles of nuclear weapons will be less dangerous.

As in other international conferences, long discussions were held concerning the adequacy of various inspection methods for the verification of compliance with a disarmament agreement. Some members of the conference stressed the repeated statements by Mr. Khrushchev that if the West should accept general and complete disarmament, the Soviet Union would accept any system of controls found necessary by the West. They expressed the view that this offer applies not only to the final stage of general and complete disarmament but also to all the preliminary stages of actual reduction. They considered also that the process of inspection, from the very beginning, should not be subject to veto in any form. At the same time, they emphasized that the amount of inspection should be directly related in each stage to the amount of actual reduction of armaments taking place at this stage. In this connection, they showed interest in the idea that even in the first stage the international control authority should be permitted to inspect an agreed-upon portion of the territories of the parties to the disarmament treaty, the size of the portion depending on the percentage of armaments eliminated in that stage. The greater the percentage destroyed, the broader would be the area subject to inspection and the scope of the inspection process. It was understood that the disarmament treaty itself must specify both the percentage (or absolute numbers) of weapons in each category to be destroyed in each stage and the fractions of the total areas of national territories to be subjected to expanding inspection.

AS IN the past conferences, the discussions were helpful in clarifying the respective points of view and in removing misunderstandings. In time of increasing international tensions, a much-needed informal channel of communication is being kept open among scientists concerned with the future of civilization. In addition, important avenues were opened for further constructive action and plans were made to form a continuing joint study group to devote more detailed attention to the questions raised here. It is expected that this small group will rotate between Moscow, on the one hand, and Boston and Washington on the other, spending a few months in each place. This group will be in addition to the special temporary study groups dealing with the problems of a disarmed world which were discussed above.

While the world is spending some $100 billion on armaments, it is time to devote a few million dollars to the peaceful alternatives to war. The constructive methods outlined at the Stowe Conference deserve more general support. With the hope that the conflicts of today will be resolved peacefully, we must concentrate on the organizational structure and functioning of the world of the future. All the conferences held and studies made in the last fifteen years have helped only to raise the questions and clarify the issues. Not much progress can be expected without at least a tenfold increase in systematic and continuous studies and frank international discussions. The creation of the new United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency is a step in the right direction. Let's hope that similar steps will be taken in other nations.

THE GHETTO MAKERS . . *by Jack Rothman*

MEET A GROUP of ugly Americans you probably don't know—the "Ghetto Makers." They are found primarily in the real-estate and money-lending worlds and their stock in trade is racism for a profit. These are the men who control and manipulate the housing market in integrated areas of our cities. They specialize in panic salesmanship—the rumor, the racial argument, the prejudicial insinuation. They engage in a variety of pernicious financial practices, both legal and extra-legal, taking the Negro home-buyer for a ride in the process. Through their pressure-cooker tactics, whole neighborhoods are induced to change from white to colored—and segregated—in short order, and at great cost in human terms.

Racially changing neighborhoods have in recent years reached widespread and troubling proportions. Almost every city-dweller can call to mind some neighborhood that was transformed almost overnight from a solidly white to a solidly Negro district. Such rapid dislocation stirs up a torrent of intergroup tensions and a welter of social and welfare problems. And this is a problem that holds geography in disregard; it is as much prevalent and malevolent in the North as in the South.

One of the chief causes of rapid neighborhood change (and consequently of residential segregation) is the presence of prejudice in so many of our white citizens. No sooner does the first Negro family move into a white area than large numbers of whites move out. But this prejudice constitutes only the most obvious starting point in attempting to understand the dynamics of the change pattern. What is less known is that in addition to this "spontaneous" process, there are purposeful, efficiently organized "unspontaneous" influences at work—the Ghetto Makers, who consciously trigger off these personal predispositions and channel them into large-scale movements. These Ghetto Makers play at least as large a part in fostering segregation as do public attitudes, and their role needs to be laid bare and understood if we are ever to make headway in coping with the problem.

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Standing at their head are a core of unethical or prejudiced real-estate brokers. In the course of directing an experimental citizens' project aimed at stabilizing a racially changing neighborhood, I had a chance to observe a representative group of these brokers at first hand. The project, sponsored by the community planning division of the New York City Youth Board, was centered in the middle-class residential community of Springfield Gardens in the Borough of Queens.

The brokers I observed seemed to fall into two categories which may be described as the "block-busters" and the "lily-whiters." The block-busters are the more deliberately destructive. Once a Negro somehow manages to move into a white neighborhood, these brokers make their entrance and work over the area. Through house-to-house canvassing, relentless telephone solicitation, use of the mails and by various other means, they create an atmosphere of panic in the neighborhood and high-pressure the white residents into selling. They open up one block at a time, saturating block A with Negroes and then going on to block B. "Do you want your kids to play with colored kids?" goes their sales talk. "Do you want to be the last white family left on the block? Do you want to lose a fortune on your house?" Characteristically, they approach a home owner with a cash offer and the (often fallacious) news that Mrs. Jones down the street is selling to a Negro family. Emphasis is placed on the urgency of selling immediately, before the value of the house nose-dives. Occasionally "decoys," such as a Negro woman wheeling a baby carriage, are paraded up and down the street to set the proper psychological climate.

FOR the realty salesman, the wholesale turnover of an entire area is a happy and enormously profitable prospect. By panicking home owners, the broker can pocket an even greater return by entering the market he is manipulating, buying low and selling high. Negro brokers as well as white avail themselves of the block-busting technique; actually, the Negro brokers are even more insidious, since they are so heavily relied on by their Negro clients.

The block-busting real-estate men show homes in integrated districts such as Springfield Gardens only to prospective Negro buyers; I have known them deliberately to turn down prospective white buyers. For them the steady and total segregation of the neighborhood is a desirable goal.

MEANWHILE the other real-estate brokers, the lily-whiters, are operating in white areas adjacent to the changing community. Their clientele is usually entirely white. I saw them operating in Laurelton, adjacent to Springfield Gardens. If these Laurelton brokers had made an effort to show homes in contiguous integrated areas to their clients (as indeed had been their custom prior to integration), there would have been a greater possibility of counterbalancing the influence of the block-busters and maintaining a racially mixed community. However, we found that these lily-white brokers consistently failed to show homes in these areas to white clients, and turned down listings from Springfield Gardens which were offered to them. Just a few Negro families in an area marked it off-limits to these brokers for showing homes to white buyers. Their reasons for taking this position range from their own conscious or unconscious prejudices ("What decent person would want to live in that area anyway?")* to realistic economic considerations (it takes less time and effort to place the average white buyer in a white community than in an integrated one; and time is money).

Because of the extensive activity in the integrated areas of the block-busters and the abandonment of the areas by the lily-whiters, each time a house is placed on the market it is sold to a Negro family. This results usually in a gradual and unswerving rise in the percentage of Negro residents in a given community.

BANKS and lending institutions also play their unsavory part in this operation. They not only make it difficult for non-whites to obtain a mortgage when they attempt to buy in a white area; they also discriminate against whites who want to buy in a changing neighborhood. The banks take the view that a white individual who moves into a mixed area will soon find himself part of a small minority and will consequently move out within a short period of time, thus diminishing the duration of the loan. In one case, our committee had to contact a dozen banks before the enlightened Bowery Savings in downtown Manhattan agreed to make a loan to a financially solid white family.

Advertising in the Negro press is still another facet of Ghetto Making. Extensive and dramatic advertising directed at the Negro community is placed by brokers who specialize in changing communities. Brokers located in the major districts of Negro settlements like Harlem, and Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn, play up these areas with gigantic signs, flyleafs, etc. Since often such locations are the only sources of decent residential property for Negroes, this activity is entirely understandable. It tends, however, to make more difficult the process of orderly neighborhood change, and to foster segregation.

In advertisements in the Negro press (placed by both white and Negro brokers), one detects a pattern of unethical, even fraudulent, practices. Homes are advertised at unrealistically low prices to attract naive purchasers. Example of a typical ad:

> Magnificent home, $29.00 a month pays all. Detached 2-family, plus a rentable 3-room basement apartment. Really living rent free. Situated in a tremendous garden plot. Modern kitchen, Cadillac-size garage, automatic heat, three bedrooms and extras galore. $890.00 down.

When a Negro teacher acquaint-

*In one instance a white woman who was moving for reasons of health called one of these brokers specifically because she wanted to see racial balance kept in the community—even though she knew it would be more difficult to sell her home to a white person and that it might take a longer period of time. The broker turned her listing down cold. "Nobody but white trash would want to live in that neighborhood," was his caustic comment. This is in an "enlightened" Northern city.

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ance of mine responded to such an ad, he was first told the property was located in an isolated swamp area near Idlewild International Airport and that he wouldn't really be interested in it. Later the broker admitted that the ad was a "come on." The objective is to entice the prospective buyer into the office by any suitable means at hand. Then an attempt is made to sell him a more expensive home.

The uninformed buyer is encouraged to overcrowd the house by using the attic and basement to take in roomers, boarders, foster children, etc., often in direct violation of existing housing ordinances. This tends to attract to a middle-class area large numbers of working-class families—which in turn causes a stampede of the remaining middle-class white families from the area. It also disheartens middle-class Negro families who, in the usual sequence of events, are the first to enter an all-white neighborhood, seeking a community of middle-class character. Most brokers who speak loftily of "neighborhood homogeneity" when it comes to keeping a neighborhood white, do not at all respect the concept of a homogeneous *middle-class* neighborhood when applied to Negroes. They willingly inject lower-class and "problematic" elements into an evolving middle-class Negro or interracial community, thus thwarting the efforts of colored teachers, doctors, lawyers and businessmen to enjoy the benefits of a reasonable standard of community living for themselves and their children.

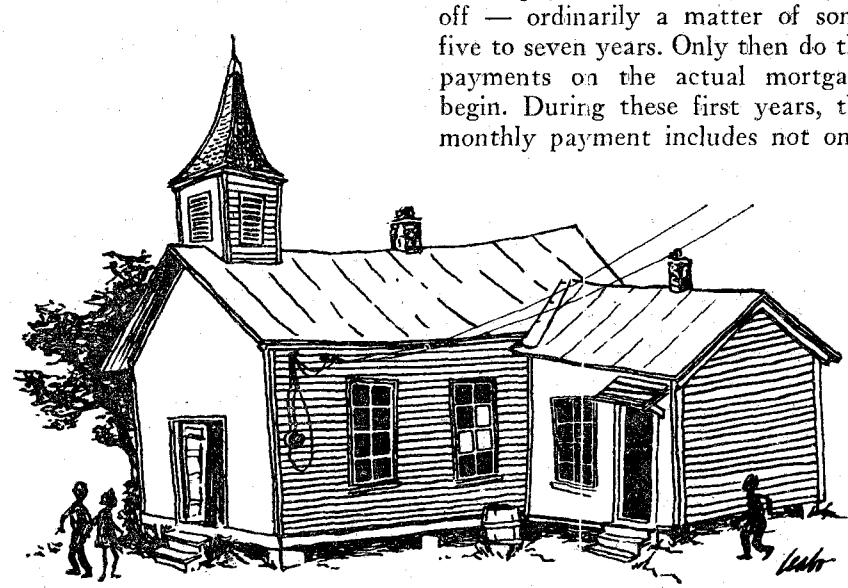
As people who cannot afford payment for homes are deliberately enticed into brokers' offices, funding companies associated with the brokers make loans through devious and highly questionable financing methods. The result is that the purchasers are led into debt over their heads and find it necessary to overcrowd their homes for extra income. Again, a middle-class area tends to break down into a segregated slum.

On one occasion, members of the citizens' committee with which I was associated visited the publisher of one of the country's largest Negro dailies to call to his attention how some brokers were using the classified pages for their own ends—ends which we found wholly incompatible with the well-being of the Negro people. The approach we used was a friendly, interested, tactful one. Our delegation, an interracial group, was shocked at the cold, unsympathetic, even cynical reception we received from the publisher. A newspaper, we were told, is in the business of reporting news and bringing in an income. It is not a social-welfare institution. The use made of its want-ad columns is not the concern of the newspaper so long as the wording of ads does not violate existing laws. Any interference with the manner of advertising, the publisher informed us, would be an affront to the "free enterprise system." Ghetto Making for profit, it would appear, operates on both sides of the color line.

THE intricate financial machinations of the Ghetto Makers could make up a field of study in its own right. I will describe here only techniques I personally witnessed in the project area. Similar techniques, with appropriate local adaptations, have been put into effect in communities across the country and have been amply documented in the recent multi-volume survey of the Commission on Race and Housing, sponsored by The Fund for the Republic (University of California Press, 1960).

In the Queens instance, funding companies affiliated with brokers required a large number of "points" to complete the purchase of a home. Each point is 1 per cent of the mortgage (for example, $150 on a $15,000 mortgage) and consists of a kind of service charge for making the loan. Since often the Negro purchaser, drawn into the broker's office through one of the beguiling hawking methods described above, does not have enough money for the down payment, he cannot obtain a loan directly from an ordinary bank, which might require only one or two points. He is therefore at the mercy of the funding companies, which in some cases have been known to demand up to 12 per cent of the mortgage (twelve points) merely for making the loan. This is independent of any interest rates on the loan. Later the funding company may pass the loan over to the bank. (Actually, the seller is supposed to be responsible for payment of the points, but this is circumvented by incorporating them into the purchase price. Through the point system, and by inflating the purchase price, brokers can charge exorbitant interest rates without technically violating usury laws.)

BUT this is not the end of the story. We now have a Negro buyer paying a high number of points, and unable to afford even a sufficient down payment. A contract of sale is made, permitting the purchaser to occupy the house; he must, however, pay a monthly bill until he has met the down payment. There is no actual transfer of title or deed until the down payment is completely paid off — ordinarily a matter of some five to seven years. Only then do the payments on the actual mortgage begin. During these first years, the monthly payment includes not only



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the down-payment installment, but also interest on the down payment, interest on the old mortgage, carrying charges on the house such as taxes, insurance, water and sewage bills, etc. All this time *the purchaser has no security whatever*. Should he fail to meet a monthly payment, he may lose the house and every cent he has so far put into it.

The whole operational scheme of the Ghetto Makers makes sense only in the light of the undemocratic and socially debilitating ground rules under which our racial minorities live. While choked for space in depressed slum areas, Negroes are rigorously restricted in the housing market, with almost no new housing being constructed to meet their needs.* At the same time, their economic position is rising significantly and their attitudes are increasingly influenced by the middle-class values which pervade our society. It is no wonder that as a particular area of the city opens up for non-white occupancy, the Negro market will flow in that direction, all other channels being blocked. Thus, the slightly integrated community rather quickly becomes the changing community and, with a solid assist by the Ghetto Makers, eventually becomes the totally segregated Negro community.

THIS PATTERN can be reversed only when our cities achieve an open-occupancy status compatible with our democratic precepts. Under these circumstances, Negro families could disperse themselves widely into many neighborhoods in accordance with their economic resources.

Such an end can be achieved only by eliminating racial restrictions on home ownership and, simultaneously, striking hard at the Ghetto Makers, the shysters and manipulators of the housing market. No legislation currently on the books is geared toward specific control of the Ghetto Makers' practices I have described. There are Fair Housing Practices bills in some cities (notably New York and Pittsburgh) and states (notably Colorado, Connecticut, Massachusetts and more recently New York) which deal with discrimination in housing.

But none has a Fair Selling Practices clause which effectively regulates the block-busters until a state of open occupancy is achieved. (The block-busters do not discriminate per se against Negroes in the housing field. As a matter of fact, to a certain extent they may be said to open up new areas for Negroes to live in. But they do so by use of inflammatory selling practices and in such a way as to heighten racial tensions and create new racial ghettos.) Likewise, no existing law can deal adequately with some of the elaborate, racist financing and advertising techniques devised by the Ghetto Makers. An encouraging recent breakthrough has been the attempt by the license-issuing bureas of New York and Pennsylvania to regulate block-busting through administrative directives.

Some liberal and minority groups, caught up and frustrated in this complicated housing web, have thrown the full weight of their energies and emotions into the school-integration issue. Still, as former National Urban League Director, Lester Granger, stated, clamoring for school integration in these circumstances is like whistling in the dark. He reminds us, "If we spend our time battering school boards over the head, we overlook the real villains of the place—Jim Crow-minded property owners and real-estate brokers and developers."

The Ghetto Makers exert power in present-day America. They decide whom you may live next to and who may live next to you. For this service they extract a huge profit. The power of these men may be broken by legal means coupled with the weight of an enlightened public opinion.

*Of the 9 million new homes built nationally between 1935 and 1950, *less than 7 per cent* was available to non-whites: See *Social Progress* (September 1958), organ of The Board of Christian Education, The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

CHINA LOBBY'S NEW GAMBIT . . *by Urban Whitaker*

AFTER ten years of stalling for time by preventing the discussion of the Chinese representation in the United Nations, the United States recently unveiled a new policy — to stall for time by sending the question to committee for a year. The United States acted in response to the classic dilemma of a government trying to satisfy two masters: international pressures to seat the Peking Government, and domestic pressures to withdraw from the United Nations when the China question is resolved. Although taking some note of international opinion, the Kennedy Administration yielded, as Eisenhower and Truman did in the past, to the demands of domestic right-wing pressure groups who oppose universal membership in the U.N. The Kennedy Administration fears especially that any softening of its China policy will arouse the reactionaries in Congress to the pitch where the Kennedy legislative program, which has already had hard sledding, will be stopped in its tracks.

The decision to stall is unfortunate for several reasons. First, it seeks to "buy time" when time is not on our side. Second, it seeks to appease pressure groups which are not appeasable. Third, because of these two facts, it insures that both the ultimate international defeat and the domestic reaction, neither of which can be avoided forever, will be worse when they do come.

After interviewing delegates of ninety-six of the ninety-nine United

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Nations members during the past year, I am convinced that the large majority in the General Assembly favors a two-China (one China—one Formosa) solution. But I also found clear evidence that if this solution cannot be achieved in 1961, the Assembly will turn to the simpler solution of seating Peking *in place of* Taipeh next year. This latter solution may appeal to some Americans — and certainly does to a substantial group of neutralists — as superior to any plan which would recognize the *de facto* separation of Formosa from the mainland. Still, there *are* two Chinas and most of the world thinks they should both sit as members of the United Nations — with the larger one taking the Security Council seat.

But, if there is to be only one China in the U.N. — either because the two refuse to sit together or because the United States refuses to consider a two-China solution — the majority is determined that the mainland government (controlling almost 700 million people) rather than the island government (just under 11 million) will be seated.

THE key to the problem facing the United States is the time factor. Apparently President Kennedy accepts the conclusion that Peking is going to be seated sooner or later and that the best the Administration can hope for is the retention of a seat for Chiang Kai-shek in the Assembly. But, under pressure from the right-wing Committee of One Million, the President is convinced that things will be just the same next year as they are this year. I believe that he is wrong and that his decision to fight for more time on this question will almost certainly have disastrous results.

The purpose of this article is twofold: (1) to describe the ways in which another year's delay will lead to further deterioration in our international position; and (2) to reveal the plan by which the Committee of One Million expects to utilize these circumstances to attack the very existence of the United Nations. This estimate of the international situation is based on a full year's study of the question of China's representation at the U.N. The report on the Committe of One Million is based on interviews with its Executive Secretary, Marvin Liebman.

THE ADMINISTRATION'S decision to "buy more time" on the China question is clearly a concession to right-wing pressure in and out of Congress. The serious question it raises is whether the temporary domestic peace it may buy is worth the high international price tag it carries. That price is the further and perhaps fatal deterioration of Nationalist China's position in the U.N. and the continuing erosion of the American position in the psychological cold war.

The trend in the U.N. has been against the Taipeh-Washington Alliance since 1952, the last year of the Korean War. For example, the margin of victory for the "moratorium" policy—the U.N.'s repeated decisions to keep the admission question off the agenda—dwindled from thirty-five in 1952 to eight in 1960, and it clearly would have been defeated in 1961 if it had not been abandoned. The decline and finally the end of this ultra-conservative policy has reflected the rapid growth of Chinese Communist power as a major factor in world affairs. As Peking's power has grown, our bargaining position has been weakened. As her power continues to grow, her bargaining position on the representation question, and on other vital issues, will continue to improve.

Four dramatic examples during the past year illustrate the kind of forward motion which Peking has been building up in international relations. Indonesia, a fairly consistent supporter of Peking, moved solidly into the "One China — Communist China" camp when the Chinese Communist regime promised to take Sukarno's side against the Dutch in the West Irian dispute. Pakistan, previously a supporter of the moratorium, abandoned the U.S. position partly in exchange for Peking's support against India on Kashmir. (But India did not consider this sufficient reason to change its position in favor of a seat for Peking.) Brazil publicly abandoned the moratorium last February and, at Peking's invitation, Joao Goulart was visiting in Communist China at the very moment he succeeded to the Presidency. The Foreign Minister of Tunisia — a state generally conceded to be more pro-Western than any of her Arab-African neighbors — recently returned from a visit to Peking with the glowing tribute that he had found the Arabs' "real friends" in China.

THESE are concrete examples of the kinds of changes in position which have already forced the United States to abandon the moratorium. As Peking continues to stimulate trade, cultural and political exchanges, negotiates loans ($20 million recently to Ghana) and conducts effective information campaigns (more than twenty hours of Spanish language radio broadcasts weekly in Latin America), it can be expected that support for her claim to a U.N. seat will develop further. This alone would probably be enough by next year to kill any two-China compromise the United States might seek in order to bolster its apparently permanent military commitment to Formosa. But there are two other major factors which underline the fact that time is not on our side if we would try to preserve any part of the *status quo* at the United Nations — the imminent nuclearization of Peking's military capability, and the continuing decline of the democratic process in Formosa. As mainland China moves closer to the explosion of her first homemade nuclear device, the world becomes more anxious than ever to end the utter folly of pursuing disarmament discussions without the participation of the one country whose arms it most fears. Some observers are predicting that the first Chinese test explosion will occur before the end of this year or early next year.

And as island-China moves back toward the strict one-party dictatorship which characterized its mismanagement of the government in the 1930s and 1940s, the world becomes less willing than ever to continue the utter nonsense of Chiang's position as a "great power" representative in the seat of a country he

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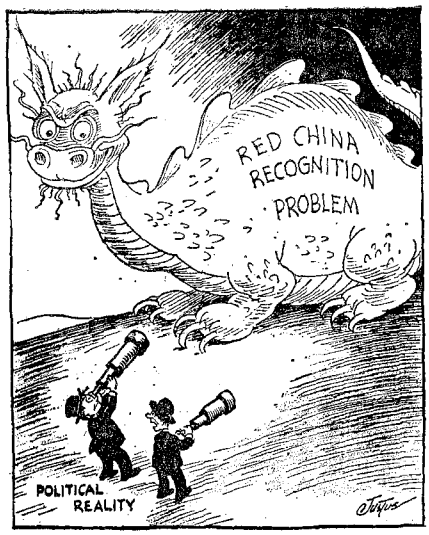
hasn't even visited since 1949. Recent actions in Taipeh against non-Communist opponents of the Kuomintang have been more than just bad publicity for the Generalissimo.

Taken all together, these evidences of growing Chinese Communist power stand as powerful evidence that time is not on our side on this question — at least not if we wish to prevent the simple replacement of the Nationalists by the Communists in the United Nations. This, whether we agree with it or not, is apparently going to continue as a major goal of U.S. policy. As long as it remains so, buying time can only mean buying trouble.

IN THIS set of unpropitious circumstances, why does the United States seek a further delay in the resolution of the China question and who, if anyone, expects to profit from the defeat of U.S. policy? I found at least part of the answers to these two questions in two long interviews with Marvin Liebman, Executive Secretary of the so-called Committee of One Million, a bipartisan organization created at the end of the Korean War to oppose Communist China's representation in the U.N. [see "Lobby of a Million Ghosts," by John O'Kearney, *The Nation*, Jan. 23, 1960]. Liebman told his story lucidly and with a candor which is surprising in view of the fact that its retelling might well prove damaging to his cause.

Liebman is a professional public-relations expert who specializes in, and has a strong personal affinity for, right-wing movements of various sorts. In the past his most important activity has been the Committee of One Million. In the future he will have two major activities: the Goldwater student movement (Young Americans for Freedom), which he recently took under his wing, and the Committee Against U.S. Participation in the United Nations, which he told me he plans to create as the successor to the Committee of One Million.

This latter is one of the most serious and significant developments on the American political scene today. Not only is Liebman's office the center of a right-wing lobby that has been largely responsible for disorienting our China policy, but it is the center of a well-organized and well-financed plan to destroy the United Nations. And the most absurd thing about it is that the Committee of One Million has succeeded to this very moment in holding on to the support of such liberal public officials as Hubert Humphrey, Paul Douglas, Jacob Javits, Clifford Case and many others. Here is a deep and disturbing indication of the residual McCarthyism which continues to hamstring our national energies and to put a halter on our democratic tradition. One wonders whether "liberalism" can remain a meaningful word as long as some of its chief spokesmen apparently feel compelled to yield to the pressures of the China Lobby. The fact is that Hubert Humphrey and some of his liberal colleagues continue to lend their names to an organization whose Executive Director is not only actively supporting Goldwater's ultra-conservative student movement, but — on his own word — is proposing to launch a campaign against the U.N.



Toronto Star

"I don't think it's getting smaller."

Somehow those Americans who believe in the U.N. — and they still seem to be a significant majority — must get the message of that last sentence across to Humphrey and every other member or supporter of the Committee of One Million who believes in the continued participation of the United States in the United Nations. Only when this message gets home to those who have been sucked into giving liberal support to reactionary policies will one of the most serious threats to the U.N. be reduced to its natural size and natural reactionary composition.

And if Humphrey, Douglas, Javits et al need a further reminder of the company they are keeping, let it be noted that a fortnight ago the Committee of One Million held a New York City rally which was addressed by Senators Dodd and Goldwater, Representative Judd and William F. Buckley, Jr.

FOR YEARS the Committee of One Million has existed mainly on public relations. It has never had a million members. Its own official history states that, as of 1961, it had only 6,000 contributing members. For all the suggestiveness of its clever name, the committee finds it appropriate to print no more than 25 to 35 thousand copies of the various brochures it publishes from time to time. It does not appear to be short of funds, however, and has long been one of America's most effective pressure groups. Its most powerful instrument is its promise to focus the full emotional power of anti-Communist public agitation against the candidacy of any person opposing the committee's views on China.

Liebman told me that he expects to lose many members and supporters as soon as he reoganizes into a Committee Against U.S. Participation in the U.N. He also said that he holds out no real hope for actually getting the United States out of the U.N., but that he does expect to get the appropriations cut.

In the meantime, pending the awakening of those liberals whose support keeps him going, Liebman continues to hold effective reins on U.S. policy. It is his estimate — and my research confirms it — that if the United States succeeds in its new plan to bury the China question in committee for a year, the final resolution of the question will take place sometime during October of 1962 — just before the Congressional elections. This is what the new U.S. policy invites. This is an answer to the question: Who stands to gain the most from our decision to buy time when time is not on our

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side? It is one of those strange but increasingly frequent alliances of the international far Left and the domestic far Right. Those who stand to profit most are the Communists abroad and the reactionaries at home. By trying to avoid the criticism of the reactionaries, the Administration is playing into the hands of its worst enemies both at home and abroad. Not only will we continue to lose psychological ground at the United Nations in order to avoid embarrassment at home, but, in the process, we will set the stage for a severe defeat at the U.N. and an even greater subsequent embarrassment at home.

The problem is now almost out of hand. At this late hour it may well be that only the President himself can avert the double disaster of 1962 which his half-policy of 1961 invites. Still, it seems appropriate to suggest that now is the time for many Americans, in and out of public life, to speak their feelings instead of their fears, to concentrate their energies on doing what they know is best for the United States instead of on what they think will spare them the personal dissatisfaction of the reactionaries, to give this country the New Frontier it still desperately needs — a new frontier of courage.

THE ART THEFTS . . *by Richard Condon*

The Nation's editors, having read with relish The Oldest Confession, *a novel which might be considered a manual on how to steal works of art, suspected that its author might feel a sense of responsibility for the rash of art thefts in recent weeks. We therefore asked Mr. Condon, as a premature expert in the field, so to speak, to give us his thoughts on what has been happening and why.* — The Editors.

JUST ABOUT twenty-five years ago, the *Mona Lisa* was stolen from the Louvre. Press, public and police all agreed that it must have been the work of a madman. Who could dispose of, or ever hope to display, that which was called "the most famous painting in the world"? Within two years the thief did return the painting, confirming the universal suspicion of his frustration. The inutility of his crime came to constitute an insurance policy for museums and other repositories of fine art. Until this year, the works of the great masters of painting seemed safe until other worse paintings had supplanted them in vogue.

This year the criminals who for more than two decades viewed as useless the theft of great art seemed to have changed their minds. Paintings, not only by great masters, but by the dozens, in their frames and out of frames, were ripped from the walls of some of the world's most respectable museums and carried off. Things reached the point where the guard was doubled around *The Rape of the Sabine Women*, for no curator could have borne the thought of double jeopardy as presented by some evil band carrying off the men who were carrying off the women who were resisting the men within the frame—but could not resist them outside the frame.

What could be the curious motivations for such extraordinary thefts from so many museums and private collections in so many countries? Had France's *la nouvelle vague* caught on? Could there be more to Matisse than meets the eye?

My testimony in this matter is most valid because, in 1958, I published a novel called *The Oldest Confession* which was concerned with precisely such ardors. It now looks as though my novel may have been read entirely by student art thieves. The fact is that a great number of Americans and West Europeans have taken to heisting paintings. The Russians may not have the same problem, perhaps because all Russian paintings may be on tour in the Suchow area, or locked in the attics of the Hermitage. At any rate, *Pravda* isn't reporting any art thefts.

MANY THINGS have changed in the twenty-five years since the theft of the *Mona Lisa*—so much so that all of the minds of the world have bent under the weight of the change.

Through history, thieves have shared a common motivation: They will steal anything of stated value. As painting has become more baffling, its monetary value has soared (only painting, of all the arts, has been so cursed). Career crooks are always in touch with organizations that are as efficient in disposing of anything of value as the crooks are in acquiring it. The *Mona Lisa* notwithstanding, there always has been a market for even the most famous paintings. If a miser can find joy sitting within a locked room and counting gold doubloons, there are any number of art appreciators who would gladly dine quite alone with a few Goyas and Breughels.

Then there are amateur criminals who lack necessary stealing skills, but not the need to live by their own laws. They commission professional criminals to do the dirty.

Parenthetically, I will state flatly that there is no truth to the tale that these thefts were undertaken by myself or my family. With a film version of my novel to be released this year, why would I need an old master?

The social historian, Sir Arthur Buchwald, now teaching in the rue de Berri, Paris, has published his theory that status-conscious members of the criminal underworld have used otherwise valuable time to steal the work of great masters of painting out of group-stimulated culture yearnings. They have, in other words, a sharp desire to advance socially within their milieu. I would accept Sir Arthur's findings up to a point; but I insist that not more than 23 per cent of art thefts by professional criminals may be ascribed to those motives.

Last month, as reported by the

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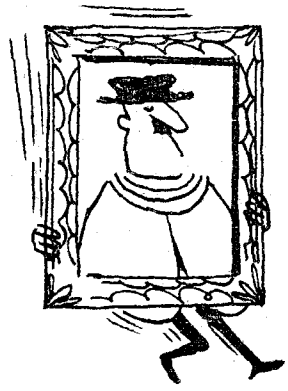
wire services, *Pravda* alleged that all the stolen paintings had been swiped under direct commission by Western capitalists. This may seem a startling theory to many, but not to me. The hero in my book thinks of disposing of his fine-arts loot to Western capitalists and only discards the idea at the last moment as impractical. Moreover, the *Pravda* allegations would seem to fit in a general way, the second category of art thief: the amateur who hires the professional.

SUCH major criminal effort, as in the case of so many others, is made possible only by the insane nature of the United States income-tax laws and the stream of evasions and exemptions provided by the law to all citizens except artists, composers and writers. Perhaps 46 per cent of all the thefts of paintings from world museums and private collections during 1961 *could* have been accomplished because of our tax laws. The heist would work somewhat as follows:

A rich, foresighted benefactor might have established an art museum at a country crossroads in the Dakota Badlands in the year 1947. To get the museum started, he might have stocked it with some little, old paintings his wife's mother had left, together with a daub or two of General Eisenhower's. The Badlands area is not a tourist center, but our Leonardo of Industry has brought good and sufficient culture to the eighteen residents of the region. The museum is named THE WALTER J. BENEFACTOR ART MUSEUM OF BUFF'S BLUFF, NORTH DAKOTA, INCORPORATED which takes up two full lines on the publicity-release stationery. The curator, who is really a press agent in disguise, charges into his mission, projected over the next eight years, to sell the museum and the cultural philanthropy of Walter J. Benefactor to the world, the nation and the clipping detectives of the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

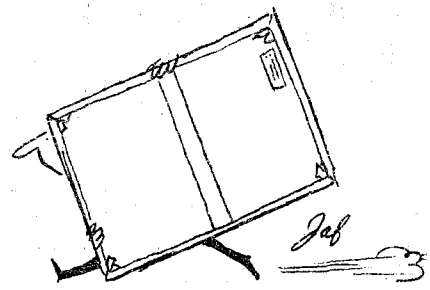


According to plan, in 1955, eight years after the opening of the Benefactor Museum, the gruff but kindly titan sends his lawyers to Europe, where they make contact with a firm of reliable thieves. They commission this firm to steal specified paintings from specified museums and private collections. Each painting is the work of a master with a minimum market value of $234,862. (We must bear in mind that out of this $234,862, the creator of the painting received a watch, a bowl of *lasagna* or $28 in lira as his share.)

IN THE meantime, back at the Bureau of Internal Revenue, Walter Benefactor's smooth lawyers have explained that their client would like to donate from his private collection a substantial number of valuable paintings which professional appraisers (who have scrutinized the canvases under new titles, wherein Goya's *Duke of Wellington: A Portrait* might become Goya's *Soldier Boy*) have valued at $2,135,753. An official ruling, made inevitable by the insane tax law, then permits Walter J. Benefactor not only to take the full amount of this appraisal as a deduction from his income tax, but permits him to retain physical possession of the paintings throughout his lifetime (at his demise, they will go to Buff's Bluff), locked within his own vaults where prying police cannot identify them as stolen goods.

Since Benefactor intends to live another 200 years, it is safe to say that the furore over the thefts will have blown over by the time the paintings hang on museum walls.

Perhaps Lunan Reed, Charles Duveen and Bernard Berenson are, at the bottom, the cause of the remaining 31 per cent of the art thefts of 1961. Mr. Reed, a retired wholesale grocer, built America's first private art gallery in New York City in 1832. He was the first of the breed of tremble-fingered collectors. Duveen made the brokerage of art into a



multi-million-dollar industry. Duveen and Berenson, the eminent art critic, were as responsible as anybody, as they raced toward the checkbooks of Morgan, Frick and Havemeyer, for the extent of the immorality which has pervaded so much of the art business.

PAINTINGS were gradually priced beyond imagination. Artificial values became nonexistent values. Perhaps the extraordinary price tags that have been placed on great art have affected some of the unstable within a society which rewards the broker and the buyer but punishes the artist who created what they collect. Perhaps the more aberrant among them began to search their tilted minds to find some means of protest. As they searched, they might have collided with other visions which careened and lurched like drunken seamen across their minds: things like *El Monton de Basura*, a thriving community of 22,000 people in Lima, Peru—a good old home-town name which translates into English as The Mountain of Garbage, atop of which these people live. Perhaps they remember movies called *Room at the Top* and *The Young Savages* which showed them communities in England or in the United States which are almost as bad.

Perhaps they thought of the swollen prices of those paintings in terms of sums which could feed thousands, house thousands, educate thousands, clothe thousands and save thousands. Perhaps they began to feel that the paintings under the dust of the museums and nailed to the stuffed chests of the collectors might well be mocking the desperate, giggling at the naked and the homeless.

Perhaps it upset these unstable people so much that they began to steal paintings. Are we facing a new kind of collector?

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Glory of Chinese Art

Lincoln Kirstein

THE exhibition of painting and objects from the former Chinese Imperial collections, now shown at the Metropolitan Museum, later scheduled across the country, is of an inconceivable richness. Only historical accidents that permitted transportation of the patrimony of movable Chinese art to Formosa, where it has not been improved by storage in caves during recent years, allows Americans to see work which in other times could have been enjoyed only in Peking. Whether or not it was legal, or wise, to move it to Formosa in the first place; whether or not it was wise to bring it to the United States in the second, are academic questions. A number of the larger scrolls could profit from the ministrations of the best American or Japanese conservationists. Travel, even by battle cruiser, is arduous; vibration is never ideal treatment for fragile surfaces. And, at the end of the tour, God willing, the works will return to their temporary, God willing, caves — where they are presumably safe from the fate of reminding the mass of mainland Chinese of the glory of their tradition's handicraft.

AS FOR the quality of work shown, this exhibition could be equated, in our terms, only with an editing of the thousand "greatest" paintings from the Louvre, Prado, Vatican and six other national galleries. So newsworthy a selection, however, immediately evokes an image, technicolored and inflated, which is incompatible with the choices sent here from Formosa. Already there have been mentions in the press that, in spite of all the publicity, the Chinese group seems quiet and pallid. What they mean is that the pictures at first sight have little violent contrast, no flashy climax or flagrant movement, while the forms delineated are not made heavily plastic by obvious silhouetting. For many Westerners, unaccustomed to spending much thought on oriental painting, there is, indeed, an apparent monotony, just as we have heard that all oriental peoples look alike and all oriental music sounds alike. In painting, oriental art differs from our own principally in its underlying conception of representing time and space, not in climaxes, but as continuum. And in the West, even portable paintings in churches or museums are intended as essentially permanent murals. In the Orient, scrolls and screens exist to be seen when they are in concentrated use, or being looked at specifically, in the hand. They come to life under individual eyes that have an appetite for them at that moment. In our museums, the plethora of work exposed tends to negate itself; the pictures seem to be taking part in a kind of irrelevant parade or haphazard competition. Their residual quality is not diminished by overexposure, but somehow their immediate meaning as independent artifacts is coarsened. Each time a hand-scroll is partly unrolled in sequence, or a wall-painting unfurled for an occasion, a half-ceremonious revelation takes place anew, which isolates its vision and intensifies its particular truth.

Oriental portable art is far less a demonstration or public contest than is ours; its philosophy is more reticent. Violence is not absent, but action is frozen or distilled. There are storms on cliffs, clouds and human action, tigers or flowers, but the drama is intellectual, interior, resolved and didactic; often an exemplar of moral precepts in visual terms. It is the cosmological essence of a situation made manifest, not its transient physical climax.

The pushed perspective and deep precipitation of Western aerial space is also lacking; instead, aspects of weather and times of day, cloaking acres of earth, both in length and depth, are delineated with an absolute over-all consistency of unaccentuated handling, which suggest limitless areas, not isolated, framed or focused landscapes. Today, to be sure, most people take Giotto for his tactile values rather than as a Biblical exegete, or Titian as a figure painter rather than an illustrator of Ovid; but the background of ideas is inseparable from the artists' intentions. And it robs their work of much of its interest to assume that such intentions were mere pretexts for endless variations in aesthetic virtuosity. Since oriental art is so much more private than is occidental, the comment of individual painters on the recurring themes of time, morality and accident seems more formal, less idosyncratic. For the most part, the signatures amount to anonymity and we tend to ignore the extreme delicacy, subtlety, tact of precision and miniature mind's eye view, even in the largest pictures. They are not easy to see; they take a lot of looking at. But if we can relinquish the idea that Western manual rendering is "strong," i.e., contrasty, big-scaled and excited, while oriental is "weak," i.e., subtle, diffused and isolated in a super-calm, then there are other pleasures to be discovered. The fact that most of the pictures are done on silk or paper in light touches of ink and color gives a superficial, deceptive consistency or regularity of surface, a seeming monotony which does not demand or hook the lazy eye, as the oil or tempera techniques do. Qualities of line, wash, the individual brush stroke; patterns of connecting lines, marks of a bent brush under varying pressures, the flow of inks on surfaces of greater or lesser wetness, take study. The rewards are great, and at this exhibit, where so many of the pictures are so large, those of us who have been introduced to Chinese painting backwards, through a first knowledge of Japanese art, will have a great deal of reconsideration to accommodate.

IT IS disturbing to see these paintings, however admirably arranged, in galleries filled with hasty, pushing people, the greater part of whom are never attracted by any picture, Eastern or Western, for more than thirty seconds. There is far too much to assimilate at one seeing, however ideal the conditions. We are locked in our hereditary temporal and spatial concepts. Our temptation to regard oriental pictures chiefly as wall-covering or decoration, is strong. Fortunately, an excellent catalogue is available, with good reproductions and text accompanying every object. A reasonable way to get the most out of so lavish an experience is to wander through the galleries early some uncrowded morning, noting whatever seems particularly attractive. At home, one consults the catalogue. A second viewing then illuminates the chosen masterpieces and serves as a small gate into a big garden; later there are larger gates

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is an amateur of oriental culture.

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and further gardens. Personal opinions about these impersonal pictures are less interesting than judgments on Western paintings, which inspire interpretation and conversation. The Chinese pictures are not hard to admire, but they are difficult to discuss; their mystery bids a certain silence; they demand to be seen silently. So seen, they place our Western painting in new perspectives, bringing up qualitative judgments on vision and technique of some contemporary relevance. It is hard to remember that when they were being painted, in all their calm and passionless, shadowless beauty, China was experiencing terrible wars, barbarian invasions, palace revolutions, famines and disasters. They make a humbling experience for those of us brought up on the peppery diet of muscular virtuosity—a virtuosity at arm's length, of long-bristle brushes and fatty oil paints; greedy palettes of rainbow hues; slashing brushwork and expansive energy, significant also for its stridence.

A Faith for Weary Men

THE FUTILITARIAN SOCIETY. By William J. Newman. George Braziller. 412 pp. $6.

Eugene V. Schneider

A TIDE of conservative thought is at present flowing in practically every section of our society. There now comes a book—from the academic world at that—which sets itself directly athwart that pressure. Professor Newman takes his stand on classical liberal principles; he speaks in behalf of a social order which will guarantee man the right to express his essentially free nature by granting him the opportunity to innovate, to experiment, to change social forms in accordance with his needs, his values and his reason. Newman holds to the democratic faith that, given freedom, men will choose to innovate in such a way as to meet the problems of the times. He raises the possibility that when these problems remain largely unsolved, it is because man has been denied freedom, not because he has had too much of it, or because he is essentially an evil, anger-ridden beast, or full of original sin, or longing for an authoritarian leader.

From this position Newman analyzes the thought of such diverse men as Russell Kirk, Senator Goldwater, Clinton Rossiter, Walter Lippmann, Louis Hartz, Daniel Bell and the editors of *Time*. Newman argues that what is common to all of these is the fear that man will use his capacity for freedom to instigate social changes which are, for one reason or another, distasteful to the writers. All of them are, therefore, concerned to show that such freedom is impossible or wicked, and that social change, whether planned or not, is either immoral or a dangerous chimera. The Old Conservatives argue that man has fallen from the state of grace achieved under eighteenth- and nineteenth-century liberalism, and that he must be led firmly back to that lost Garden of Eden. The New Conservatives argue, on both moral and factual grounds, that society must be stabilized by persuading or coercing men to adhere to some central body of traditions. Russell Kirk, for instance, plumps for a society of fixed status positions, where each man knows what is his place and who is his master, and where the social order is recognized by all as the handiwork of God. The disillusioned radicals of the 1930s, typified by Daniel Bell, argue, again on both moral and factual grounds, that man's ideological age is over—and a good thing, too. That, according to Newman, is the same as saying that man must put aside any hope of changing the social order through his own action and according to the dictates of reason. There are other arguments, but the burden of the song is the same; futility, futility in the face of all the dilemmas of our times and, correspondingly, the need for social stasis.

IT CANNOT be an accident that the "futilitarians" command wide audiences, or that they occupy influential positions in society, or that they are self-confident and ebullient (if that is possible for a futilitarian). But what is the source of this conservative mood? Of course, the business community, insofar as it is interested at all, feels a certain affinity with the futilitarians. The businessman has reason to be a conservative; not perhaps when it comes to jamming more cars into our already bursting cities, or to bulldozing his way through forests and historical buildings, but certainly in his attitude toward the institutions which make these happy things possible. But this is not new; businessmen have been of this mind ever since they succeeded in putting the knights and lords in their places. Therefore, although the businessman undoubtedly contributes to the present conservative mood, he is not its primary source.

Rather, according to Newman, its roots are located in suburbia, or subtopia as he calls it. Here dwell the "modern bourgeois"—the men of the organizations (industrial bureaucracies, advertising agencies, television networks, etc.) who oscillate daily between suburb and city. In the city, they work in a disordered frenzy of insecurity, inanity, humiliation, frustration. Longing for peace, tranquillity and order they flee

EUGENE V. SCHNEIDER, a member of the Sociology faculty at Bryn Mawr College, is teaching this year at the University of California. He is the author of Industrial Sociology.

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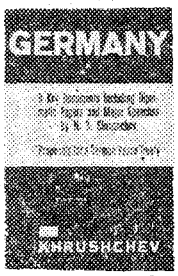
—JAMES RESTON in *New York Times*



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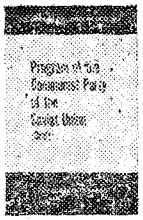

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to the phony rusticity of the suburb. They come home, however, to a bedeviled wife, engaged in her own frenetic game of status-rising. She too longs for peace, order and tranquillity and is scarcely in a position to supply these commodities to her husband. Not only is suburbia no place of refuge, it is a constant reminder to the husband—since *this* is what all his striving is about—of his failures in his job. It is a place from which he is happy to flee, even if only back to the city. With his longing for peace and stability unsatisfied, the modern bourgeois becomes rotten ripe for the conservative mood—for its dream of an end to change, uncertainty, striving. It is to suburbia that the futilitarians speak.

AS A sociologist, I find Newman's social analysis interesting and suggestive, as far as it goes. It is a significant example of the cliché-free thinking that is needed to make sense of our society today. The present order of American society has no exact historical or contemporary parallel; it operates according to its own principles, and scientific research should be directed at exploring those principles. At the same time, Newman's analysis is far from complete. The very power of the conservative tide would suggest that it has sources far beyond the shores of suburbia. I would urge, for instance, the need to explore the relationships between the conservative mood and the power structure, the class structure and the cold war.

The importance of this book lies in its incisive and fruitful analysis of modern conservative thought. By uncovering the common assumptions and longings of these writers, Newman helps to clear away the verbiage with which they surround their work. He has made it easier to get at the real meaning and implications of their ideas. After reading *The Futilitarian Society,* one may still wish to "buy" some brand of conservative thought, but at least one will know what one is buying.

The Inward Rock

When I had withdrawn into the uniqueness of rock
I assumed the inwardness of time.
I became rock: I was the rock and time
Living in pure events of eloquence.

I left great Caesar in the market place,
And heard the tyrants rise and fall
In jubilations of clashed syllables
That had no meaning at all.

Philosophers appeared to me in a dream
Whose advent made a pleasing sound;
Poets with their great synthetic eyes
Amazed the fronds to leap and bound.

The old hermit of Cape Rosier came
Who seventy years had stood at ease
By the side of the sea, with two black cats;
Saints finally smote him to his knees.

And that blind man who wove wicker chairs
All through the black and winter nights
To whom the world was as a peace
No others knew in their delights.

These appeared to possess the world
And then a golden child of nine or ten
With light step under a golden head
Danced along into the world of men.

But I had withdrawn into the uniqueness of the rock
Who sought impossible credulities.
I was rock and time: I had denied
The world to find poetic certainties.

So in the gift of silence, like the earth
Stable and defined in hardness and size,
I ventured into imaginative freedom,
In mystery, where truth is surprise.

Richard Eberhart

The New Germans

MARRIAGE IN PHILIPPSBURG. By Martin Walser. New Directions. 319 pp. $4.50.

YESTERDAY WAS DOOMSDAY. By Michael Horbach. Random House. 249 pp. $3.95.

Dachine Rainer

THE FIRST of these two contemporary German novels presents a devastating portrait of life, largely among the higher echelons of town society; it succeeds in doing for this period what Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories* did for pre-Hitler Germany. A young, impoverished man from the provinces, lacking talent and ambition, is taken up by a prominent family burdened with a massive, Wagnerian daughter. The protagonist drifts toward the inevitable betrothal, in the course of which he is exposed to the political and sexual machinations of the family and their influential friends. The first part of the book is largely preoccupied with a lengthy, intriguing and more than faintly depraved party; the second, by the diary of the suicide, Klapp, a boarder in the squalid proletarian (and lumpen prole) house to which the protagonist comes when he first arrives in Philippsburg.

DESPITE these unimpressive "events," Martin Walser has written a superb novel, composed with the harsh strokes of German expressionism. The style is so plastic that it suggests painting and sculpture, its scenes continually evoking such artists as Münch, Barlach, Georg Grosz; many of the portraits seem almost lifted from the sharp, brutal work of the late caricaturist. No human blemish escapes Mr. Walser; he sees little good in egocentric and unloving man, little hope for improvement. "Indifference or trust. I lack both," complains Klapp, the suicide.

Although the writing is ruthless, unmitigated by sentimentality, compassion is implicit in the author's tone. This novel is, ultimately (and without didacticism), a work of philosophical importance, expressing man's needs and his inability either to gratify them or disengage himself from them.

Yesterday Was Doomsday is a disturbing political novel, written in forthright journalese, from which emerges,

DACHINE RAINER'S most recent book is The Uncomfortable Inn, *a novel of Greenwich Village (Abelard-Schuman).*

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as its title implies (and as *Marriage in Philippsburg* demonstrates with greater artistry), the futility of life in modern Germany. The time is the mid-fifties, during the Hungarian Revolution; the protagonist, a journalist with the International Press Service, was injured during the Second War in a futile attempt to save some refugee women and children. He now has only a few months to live, and that may account for his ability to observe so clearly the fraudulent behavior of his colleagues. He compares the acts of those in power—ranging from bland, wholesale lying to murder—to those of ordinary men, largely German and Russian, who seem decent and, sometimes, even self-sacrificing. His superiors prevent him from telling the truth, cause his girl to die in a motor accident. The end of this highly melodramatic novel (but in such an excellent cause!) finds the hero, with only a few weeks or days to live, once again engaged in a quixotic action to save the lives of a few women and children.

Mr. Horbach believes in direct action. Since persons in power are so dangerous and individual attempts to circumvent them, however heroic, seldom accomplish anything, this is scarcely a reassuring position. Nevertheless, with art like *Marriage in Philippsburg* and indignation like *Yesterday was Doomsday*, things may not be as hopeless as their authors suggest. If these novels are any indication of postwar German literature, I recommend that we be shown more of it.

LETTER from CAIRO

Donald Richie

INITIALLY, at any rate, the most striking thing about the new Egypt is how old it looks. After the neon wilderness of Tokyo, Los Angelized Manila, and a Hongkong indistinguishable from Blackpool on a bank holiday, Cairo—not to mention Port Said and Alexandria—is the Orient itself.

There are oxen and camels in the streets, crowded smoky bazaars, water pipes, the population in *galabia*. The new cars, modern factories, the shiny nationalized Nile Hilton, are swallowed up in this labyrinth of four million which looks just as Bagdad should and doesn't.

Egypt has never looked so Egyptian. Every last trace of the clipped colonial style is gone. The new Shepherds Hotel is all nineteenth-century Italian, a kind of Egyptian baroque, and the new Semiramis is ostentatiously Third Empire. Too, most Egyptian cities seem to have lost a major part of their foreign population.

Cairo, for example, was a "foreign settlement" long before the British came here. All the major restaurants were at one time Greek-owned, all the hotels run by the Swiss—though the old Shepherds was Belgian. Alexandria was completely international. Now everything is firmly in the hands of the Egyptians and the world of Lawrence Durrell is no more. As a friend in Athens told me: "We never go to Alexandria any more in the winter. No one is there. They have all left."

Though the city may look like the timeless Orient—and outside the Nile Valley time seems to have stopped at the Pyramids—a major cultural revolution has nevertheless taken place. The immediate results are economic. In the last decade the Egyptian standard of living has become almost twice what it was. Farmers who owned one cow now own two; those who had none have one. Of course, those who had a hundred probably now have less than fifty and the days of that stock figure, "the rich Egyptian," are over.

President Nasser is a man enormously popular within his own country and even his critics have to admit that he and his cabinet have accomplished the unbelievable in Egypt. They may point out that, perhaps because the new broom of his "bloodless revolution" wasn't an ax, it neglected to sweep out a few of the more entrenched old guard; they may complain that the government's enthusiasm ("new frontier" with a vengeance) leads it into idealistic paper plans that have little to do with actual conditions. At the same time, they must admit that even the more stringent rulings have their reasons for existing. One of these, for example, is the difficulty that any Egyptian experiences in trying to leave the country: The reason is that a stop had to be put to the leakage of money from the country. Wealthy Egyptians, dissatisfied with the new austerities, would pocket their riches and go off — in the manner of wealthy Egyptians from the later Ptolmies to ex-King Farouk—to play in Europe. One way to stop the flight of capital was to stop the flight of Egyptians.

This has proved quite successful: expatriation, along with other relics from Farouk's reign, has almost disappeared. The former king's private play pen, right under Cheops, has been turned into a public rest house; his palace—every room a boudoir—is now open to the public, a museum attraction. And most of the graft, associated with Egyptian governments from the time of Potiphar's wife, has disappeared.

NASSER'S government is just as hard on itself as it is on wealthy Egyptians. Though one is, as a foreigner, still openly cheated in the bazaars of Khan-el-Khalil and elsewhere, corruption in high places is missing. This is not due to the form of government (any social state turns instantly into a bureaucracy and every bureaucracy is corrupt), but to those at present filling the higher governmental posts. For the first time in Egyptian history, honesty is enforced;

DONALD RICHIE, film critic, co-author of The Japanese Film, *and author of the recently published* Japanese Movies, *spent the summer in the Balkans and the Near East.*

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dishonesty, punished. One fairly important Egyptian told me: "It is fine now. Nasser and his cabinet are good men; they are solely concerned for their country, but God help us if their successors are not as good."

An example of this selflessness is found, of all places, in the Ministry of Culture's Director of Censorship Department. Mohamed Ali Nassef has a reputation for complete incorruptibility and has been known to cultivate an impartiality so extreme that old friends are slighted when old enemies prove more deserving.

His interpretation of censorship is perhaps typical of the political climate of the country. He feels that, before the revolution, state censorship was both unfair and mistaken. For example, no doctor in, say, a film about doctors, could be shown as anything but good because doctors were powerful in the politics of Farouk's Egypt. Now, any criticism is allowed so long as an entire group is not indicted, and a number of bad doctors have appeared in Egyptian films. At the same time, he will not allow national denigration to appear in foreign films imported into the country. Anti-American Russian films and anti-Russian American films are not allowed. Recently, import licenses were denied two British films which implied that the Africans were a second-rate people. Given the unwarranted premise that censorship should exist at all, the interpretation of the present government is, at the very least, a step forward for Egypt.

CURRENTLY wooed by both East and West, Egypt's neutrality is about that of, say, Yugoslavia. Neutrality as a principle is respected and the climate of the country is pro-Western. American and English publications are much more in evidence than those of Russia, Red China, Hungary, etc. Seventy-five per cent of all imported films are American. English is the major secondary language. An American, I was warmly and, I felt, honestly welcomed. Russia, particularly of late, is openly and continually criticized. None of which, perhaps, means very much for the long run. Still, that is the present climate.

As in Yugoslavia, the climate is an earnest one. All sorts of reforms have been put into action; the atmosphere is that of a pioneer state. Things are happening and the man-on-the-street, or the man-in-the-field will, presumably, be the beneficiary—already is.

Yet, oddly, it is just here that the reforms have met their greatest challenge. Egypt is thousands of years old and it cannot be too drastically changed in a decade. A much-needed land reform program was all but refused by "the people," who wanted the new good life but did not want the responsibility of owning land. The argument was the famous one: Our fathers worked this land and our fathers before them; we don't want to change.

Ancient Egypt, that death-oriented civilization, still exists in such attitudes. While those in cities realize swiftly enough what the government is about, those millions of others in the desert do not. A massive program in education is under way but there are millions to be educated. Given a choice, one feels, the peasant would revert to the standards of Ramses II. The surprisingly "Egyptian" aspect of country and city is as much the result of this attitude as it is of national policy.

Almost willful apathy, an Arab characteristic if there ever was one, is coupled with the delightful quality of *muzeg*, which makes every Arab a potential *bon vivant*, and this produces a populace difficult to budge. In addition, though the standard of living is higher than ever before, it is not yet so high that everyone is, as in Germany, convinced that industrious money-making is the sole reason for living.

ACCORDING to a newspaper I read some place, Paris (not New York) is the most expensive city in the world, and Cairo is the cheapest. Cairo is not all that inexpensive (both Belgrade and Athens seem to offer greater bargains to the tourist on-the-cheap) but it is possible to live there on very little.

The average wage of the unskilled laborer is £15 a month, and a pound is worth about $2.80. The skilled worker makes twice that much. Then, a cup of coffee costs 5c or 6c; a meal (without meat) is about 15c; a decent *galabia* or burnoose is about $4; a taxi from the center of the city to the Pyramids, about ten kilometers, is $1.25; one can find a hotel for $1.50; and one can ride third-class from Cairo to Alexandria for $1.80.

The Sahara City is a very plush, tented night club in the desert. An evening there, with full meal, lots of whiskey, complete Egyptian orchestra and a two-hour floor show (excellent in that all the performers come straight from the desert) ran to about $20 for four people. Naturally, life can be more expensive. Just outside Cairo is the new city of Mokattan, built on a bluff above the Citadel. It contains a brand new casino where it is possible for foreigners (Egyptians do not play) to drop large sums of money.

Egypt's major problems, like those of Yugoslavia, are at present financial. Reforms cost money, even though large sums can be saved when the government happens to be honest. Bickerings with Israel—about which, incidentally, Egyptian opinion is surprisingly nonpartisan, and about which I learned only what I had known before: that it takes two to make a quarrel — eat up funds; and though various leaks have been plugged, Egypt needs money, particularly since it must assume the majority of the burden, political if not financial, of the United Arab Republic.

"We have many problems," said an English-speaking Egyptian student in a *galabia* (for the first time in decades the burnoose is seen on the campus): "But we feel that we have solved already some of the largest. And this we owe to our government, to Mr. Nasser . . . and to ourselves."

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

SAMUEL BECKETT'S *Happy Days* (Cherry Lane Theatre) is a poem for the stage — a poem of despair and forbearance. It is to be seen and suffered. It is painfully lucid. But because it is a work of art, its lucidity is manifold in meaning.

There are only two characters in the play: a woman of fifty and her husband of sixty. We discover the woman sunk up to her waist in a mound of scorched grass. Her husband lives out of sight behind her in his own hole in the ground. At rare moments he emerges to read an old newspaper, a recurrent item of which he mumbles: "Wanted bright boy." At the close of the play he crawls in full evening dress toward his wife: we do not know whether he has come to visit her in "the old style" — a phrase which runs through the play like a refrain, to pay tribute to her long years of married isolation, or to put her (or himself) out of misery. They look at each other in terrible silence: she with a quizzical look of amused compassion and contempt, he with a heartrending stare of impotence, regret, bafflement. Her name is Winnie, his Willie — and one guesses that either one might have been the other, by which I mean that both add up to the idea of Mankind.

What has their life been? A kind of

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blank; literally, stasis. They are sustained by nothing except the ground in which they are stuck. (In act two the woman has sunk to her neck in the earth. "Oh earth you old extinguisher," she cries, reminding me somehow of Joyce.) Man and wife have no beliefs, faith, passion, aim or great appetite.

Winnie's life is a matter of toilet preparations and a taking of patent medicines the names of which she doesn't understand, the purpose of which is unclear. She is nevertheless an irrepressible optimist. (The play might well have been called "The Optimist.") For as she wakes to the bell which heralds the morning, she exclaims, "Another heavenly day." She looks on the bright side of everything. She dimly remembers and usually misquotes the consoling and "unforgettable" lines of old-time classics. She enjoys listening to a music box tinkling "The Merry Widow" waltz (the "old style" again), and at the very end of the play she hums the same song with its wistful-gay plea for love. The bag in which she keeps all her treasured possessions contains, along with toothbrush, comb, scent and a little mirror, a revolver — just in case — but she never avails herself of its service.

HER husband sleeps most of the time: "marvelous gift that," she reflects. She has "no pain, hardly any pain — great thing that." When she learns the meaning of a single word ("hog"), she observes cheerily: "Hardly a day without addition to one's knowledge." A hearty soul, she asserts, "That is what I find so wonderful, that not a day goes by . . . without some blessing — in disguise."

Most of the time she takes comfort in the thought: "That is what I find so wonderful . . . the way man adapts himself." Only once does she break, crying out in ringing anguish: "No, something must happen in the world, some change." But nothing does change — except that night follows day. "One can do nothing." One prays the old prayers. One still clings to the hope that there may be a meaning to life. "Someone is looking at me still. Caring for me still." One senses one's aliveness because one does not always speak to oneself. The "other" therefore exists. And for all the bleakness and waste there is the inextinguishable sense that "There always remains something. Of Everything."

The most pitiable thing in the play is its pity. Behind the irony of its grimace there is a sort of repressed tenderness. It is this tenderness that makes Beckett's defenders (he needs no defense) deny that his message is all negation. To wait and suffer, perhaps to hope and pray in the empty world, is to evince a trait of nobility, even of heroism. Beckett, it is suggested, is a religious playwright. And it is true that many religious teachers have spoken in accents similar to his.

I am inclined to believe that this line of defense does Beckett a certain disservice. It is precisely through his particular kind of pessimism that Beckett has made his special contribution — indispensable for an understanding of our time. We require solace and remedies hereafter (I do not refer to the "next world"), but at present it is right, just, proper, necessary and helpful that brave men cry bloody murder.

Beckett is the poet of a morally stagnant society. In this society fear, dismay and a sort of a stunned absent-mindedness prevail in the dark of our consciousness, while a flashy, noisy, bumptious thick-headed complacency flourishes in the open. Nearly all the finer artists of our day are saying this (very few are capable of saying more than this convincingly), and in the theatre Beckett's voice has been the sharpest, the most penetrating, the most symbolic.

Do I believe that life is what Beckett says it ("perhaps") is or seems to be? Not at all. Even the bag which holds all that remains of Winnie's existence contains much more than Beckett has put there. Do I prefer Beckett's black report to Chekhov's (or even Strindberg's) sorrow? Certainly not. The agony of the old plays was dense with human experience. Why then does Beckett write as he does? Apart from the facts of individuality and personal environment, the answer may possibly be found in this notation in Paul Klee's diary of 1915: "The more horrifying this world proves (as it is these days), the more art becomes abstract."

Must we accept Beckett wholly? No: his work represents an impasse. But we must understand him. For he feels strongly and writes unerringly. Despite their bareness, his plays are not barren, and if the stage is to be a true chronicle of the times, they belong in the theatre. *Happy Days* grows on one.

RUTH WHITE'S performance is extraordinary in its concentration, variety, nuance and endurance. (The play is almost a monologue and almost an hour and a half long.) The director — Alan Schneider — has helped her model the great mass of the verbal material so that it rises to poignancy instead of degenerating to monotony.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

TECHNICALLY, *The Risk* is a good British thriller, full of attractive and enigmatic people and pushed along at a fast clip by the exceedingly crafty Boulting Brothers. But I wish that thrillers would stick to such comparatively wholesome topics as narcotics and the traffic in women; when they turn to official secrets, the atmosphere becomes sordid.

Sordid, that is, because the audience is no longer being entertained; it is being manipulated. In *The Risk* a small biological research team has developed an antibiotic that will effectively fight plague diseases now chronic in the underdeveloped areas of the world. As the findings are about to be released, however, Her Majesty's Government slaps a top-secret rating on the research: "experts" think it just possible that the life-saving organisms could be perverted by an un-

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scrupulous enemy into a lethal weapon of germ warfare.

The head of the research project makes an angry speech to his assistants and one of these, a dedicated technician who is devoid of common sense, undertakes to steal the relevant papers and pass them over to an "international scientific body" whose representative he has met in a pub. He is foiled in this, partly by his wise old boss, who though angry is loyal, and partly by a deliciously squirrel-headed counterespionage agent, who is the most heavily sugar-coated thought policeman in the annals of popular propaganda. The young rebel is last seen, chastened and happily in love, hard at work on new data to be added to the impounded files.

There are details — a maimed veteran of the Korean War incites the feckless hero to treason because of sexual jealousy; the research workers valorously resist a government attempt to buy their good favor with better jobs. These add excitement and "fair-mindedness" to the picture, but the essential hocus-pocus is unchanged by the trimmings. What the film does is shift the focus from the premise that a democratic government is justified in suppresing any information that could conceivably help a hypothetical enemy, to the premise that private citizens should not hand over secret documents to the agents of foreign powers. About the second premise there can be no argument: it is, as the cute counterspy frequently says, a very naughty thing to do. It is also illegal. But about the first point there can be a great deal of argument — a moment's reflection will suggest that, given the scope of modern war, *every* advance of knowledge is a potential help to a potential enemy. A country that withholds a discovery that would benefit millions of human beings might, therefore, ask itself how its morality (to say nothing of its political sagacity) excels that of the unscrupulous enemy. But this point the picture glosses over in a brief monologue of patronizing sophistry. The lesson of *The Risk* (a film taken, by the way, from Nigel Balchin's *A Sort of Traitors*) is that the duty of free men today is to trust implicitly the wisdom of their leaders. Free men who adopt this policy invariably discover that their leaders do not return the compliment.

This does not mean that one should conspire with tic-ridden characters in dank corners; it does mean that one should cry out against attacks on liberty and sanity as loudly as possible and from the highest platform available.

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LETTERS

(*Continued from inside cover.*)

plete disarmament," fully controlled, at the 14th U.N. General Assembly. The second — almost as radical as unilateralism itself — was his announcement at the 15th Assembly that the USSR would accept in advance any total disarmament plan the United States came up with. (What he actually said, of course, and has repeated frequently since, was that the Russians would accept any Western control plan — "unconditionally," he added in the Vienna *aide memoire* — if the West would accept Soviet proposals for general and complete disarmament. But the Soviets, who have switched some provisions of their own blueprint around to suit the French, have made quite clear in disarmament discussions that they are agreeable to any fair and intelligent dismantling plan; hence my paraphrase, I think, is the really precise way of putting it.)

When I questioned our Geneva negotiator, Mr. Arthur H. Dean, last month on why there had been no American response to this arresting Soviet offer, he insisted that the Russians contemplated inspection only *after* disarmament had been completed. Mr. Dean also persisted in the view that the Russians would not reveal what arsenal they were starting with, which would make it impossible for us to know whether everything had, in fact, been destroyed.

On both counts, there seems to me to be nothing in the Soviet plan to evoke such a suspicion of Russian intentions. The three-stage plan states explicitly that the control organ (without veto) would be set up upon signing of the treaty and "will distribute its inspectors over the territory of States in such a way as to enable them to start discharging their functions the moment States initiate the implementation of disarmament measures." It also provides for "expert" international supervision of every act of actual dismantling. As for an arms census to start with, Stage One calls for the control organ to "have *unhindered* access to documents pertaining to the budgetary allocations of States for military purposes, including all relevant decisions of legislative and executive bodies of States" (my italics). This is the only foolproof form of arms census I am aware of.

But let us agree with Mr. Dean (who is slated to become chief of our Disarmament Agency, if it ever comes into being). Whatever suspicions are aroused, they in no way erase the enormous opportunity and challenge the Russians have presented us. We have only to call them by laying the kind of control plan we want on the table. The one public figure who has fully recognized this is Sen. Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania. In a July 10 speech to the Senate, he quoted Khrushchev at length on this challenge and declared that the most important business before the Kennedy Administration was to meet that challenge.

York, Pa. DAVID WESLEY

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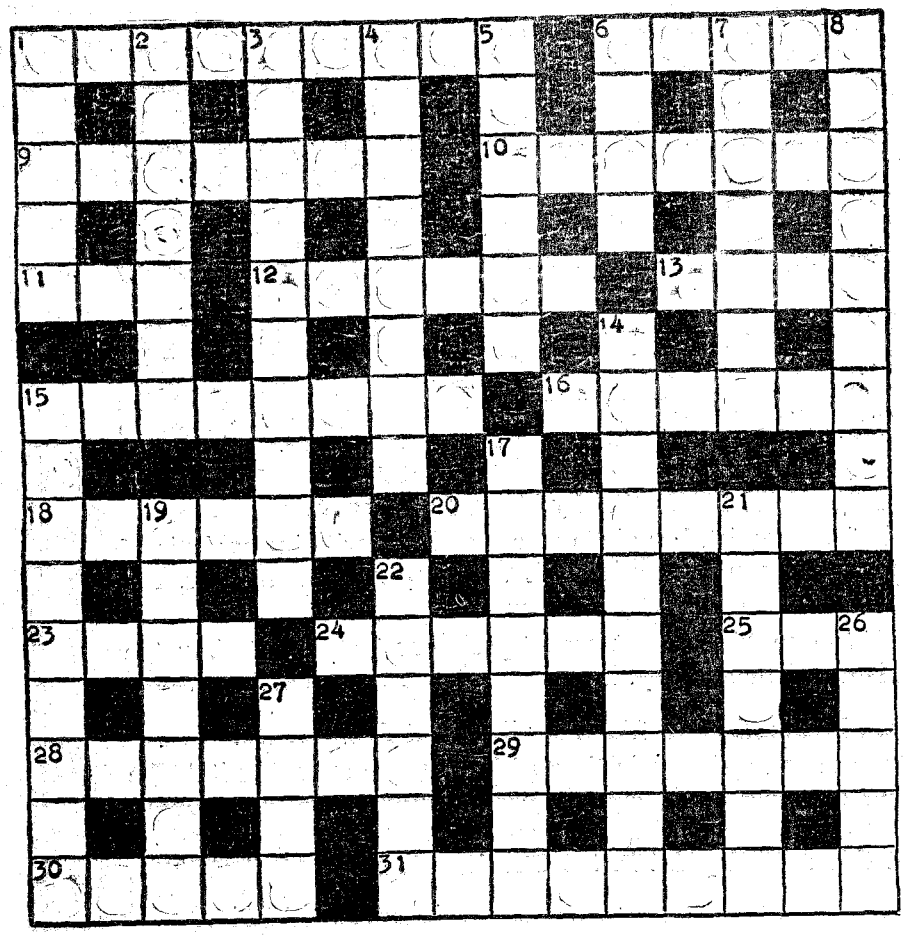
Crossword Puzzle No. 932

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 16 across
6 Brush wood, in a way. (5)
10 See 1 down
11 It certainly isn't me who sounds so sheepish. (3)
12 Something a youngster might travel on. (6)
13 See 6 down
15 A man of the cloth, a riotous type paradoxically! (8)
16, 18, 25 and 1 across Is the work of a correspondent usually so conclusive? (6, 6, 3, 9)
20 Abolitionist troops? (8)
23 In the Iliad, messenger of Zeus and Hera. (4)
24 Leaks out of lighters, possibly. (6)
25 See 16 across
28 One of the jewelled type in Eliot's "Ash-Wednesday." (7)
29 In different attire, a possible favorite of opera might be recognized. (7)
30 Barely beaten at the border? (5)
31 The mother of good fortune, according to Cervantes. (9)

DOWN:

1 and 10 across Diary, possibly— of a big butter-and-egg man? (5, 7)
2 Not court dress, just in case! (7)
3 Part of a charivari, e.g., a tedious and somewhat spotty effect. (10)
4 Stop and sit for a while before the water fall. (8)
5 Testify in a sort of 22. (6)
6 and 13 How to prove you've been charged for a broadside? (4, 4)
7 Island meeting point of various classes. (7)
8 and 27 Put in a vessel in confinement? Such a claim might make the spirit soar. (7, 2, 4)
14 Getting away from it all? (10)
15 Not to be confused with loungetude. (9)
17 Both halves of the night have everything in the street. (4, 4)
19 Just putting up with living? (7)
21 Proving art was within reach of a Greek! (7)
22 Certainly not shut up in a sort of 5. (6)
26 The former shape of the reat pleat. (5)
27 See 8 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 931

ACROSS: 1 and 25 Bare-back riders; 5 Plaids; 9 Piccolo; 10 Shorter; 11 Drapers; 12 Occlude; 13 Mosquito bites; 15 Patent pending; 21 Ironies; 23 Gulches; 24 Existed; 26 Stingers. DOWN: 1 Bipeds; 2 Reclaim; 3 Bootees; 4 Cross purposes; 6 Lion cub; 7 In trust; 8 Surcease; 10 Short and sweet; 14 and 22 Springer spaniel; 16 Trolled; 17 Neither; 18 Italian; 19 Gristle; 20 Slides.

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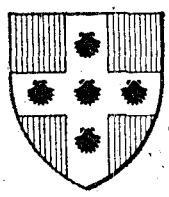

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